

# CLOSING OUT

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### Walk-Over Shoe Store

370 TWENTY-FOURTH STREET.

#### The Comit that Hit the State An' What People Think They Know About Its Promiscuous Ruminatin's

Reported in Salt Lake Tribune by Johnny Burke.

South Africa, on the 16th, and burns

'em off. Since then they's all kind of

gastronomical observations been took

of it, with pitchers, like you take of

Jeffries when he first lights in town.

These pitchers is the movin' kind, I

reckon, an' pretty soon they'll be on the vaudeville circuit, so ef you don't

see the comit this time, you're certain shore to see it in the pitcher shows

Seein' as Jack Johnson is the only

man that can sling the English lan-

guage fit for to describe what this

omit really is, I takes a tip from his

lecture in New York Sunday night on

psycholoby, an' asks him to wire me

his views on the comit. Here's what

An analysis of the photographic ob-

servations made of the new comet shows that its body differs from com-

ets in general-greatly. The usual comet spectrum consists of very

bright series of hydrocabon bands, but

the comet now visible shows very

light hydro-carbon bands, with a pair of intensely bright sodium lines. The

striking orange color of the comet

head is due to incandescent sodium

mother are the beliefs I hold; fur

any other place where they've got the

true. Some fellers might object to the

true. Some fellers might object to the statement of Mr. Johnson that the

orange color is due to incandescent sodium vapor, an' say it's due to a

vellow streak down the comit's back.

searches their carbureters an' sees a

resemblance between this here comit an' the one they lamps in 1882. They

says the tail lights is the same, an

stuff like that, but I don't think any

body can remember how tail lights

They not bein' a telescope in this gran' an' glorius state of Utah that'll

look further'n Ensign peak, we all has got to be satisfied with usin' them

comit is about thirteenth drink time,

or about a quarter of 7 o'clock in the

evenin' by oncivilized way of tellin

**BIGAMOUS COUNT** 

WANTS LIBERTY

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 25 .- Applica-

ion for a writ of habeas corpus for

the release of Carl Von Der Hagen, alias "Count" Von Muller, who is be-

ing held here on a fugitive warrant from New Jersey, where he is said to

be wanted on a charge of bigamy, was

Von De Hagen is said to have at

east two wives in the east, and be

cause of advices to this effect his bail was fixed at \$10,000.

Pearl Wood Powers, the Los An

geles girl whom the defendant is said to have married soon after his arrival

here several months ago, has filed a

Washington, Jan. 25.-President

Taft's federal incorporation bill will

meet with almost solid Democratic

ustentation, according to Republican

senators who have canvassed the sit

ed so as to conform toviews of Re

publican members of the senate, and

even if this is accomplished, its sup

cult, if not impossible, to pass the

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neasure at this session,

WILL OPEN MINE

the fire last fall.

porters fear the attitude of the Dem

The bill has not been perfect

will make it exceedingly diffi-

TO RECOVER BODIES.

La Salle, Ills., Jan. 25 .--

After an inspection by state mine inspectors today it was

stated that the St. Paul mine

at Cherry probably would be opened on Monday to allow the

recovery of the 215 bodies re-

INCORPORATION BILL

DEMOCRATS WILL FIGHT

argued tomorrow.

visionators that we's born with. The time to look for the A

looked thirty years ago.

thermore, I will box in Salt Lake of

This and a due respect for an aged

vapor

Say, did you all see the comit last, man's whiskers in Johennesburg night? Sure, you all sees it; you can't help seefh' it.

Do you know why is this here comit? No? Well, I'll put put you hep. This here comit ain't no regular comit, as they knows about yet. Them sharps that glaum through the long lamps says this here particular comit is a stray-like a stray dawg that gits off the beaten path.

Las' night I'm havin' information thrust on me about this comit. Everybody mos' says it's Halley's comit. "How d've know it's Halley comit?"

"It ain't got sign on it "Well, every comit don't have to have no sign, does it?" says they. "They's plenty comits that's well known that's never been painted up

But I'm not easy; this here comit puzzles me a heap, 'cause ef it was Halley's comit the feller that's ruunin' it would have sent out a press agent in advance, like Jack Curley. So I calls up a woman what's a scientific kazaz that way, and I says to her,

"Madam," says I, "is that Halley's comit what we seen tonight?"
"No, indeed," says she, "Hallie's only a young girl, an' she ain't got no comit yet—that is, no regular comit, although Jim Bradley does come to

see her off an' on." So I calls up Dr. Pack, who runs the observatory-part of it, anyway-at

Dr. Pack puts me wise to the fact that this here comit's what's seen las' night ain't Halley comit, none, nohow. Halley's comit ain't due to pull in on the house track until 'long about April wanst. Dr. Pack lets the light into my beknighted intellect that the comit that hits this town las' night is a ondenified comit. It ain't got no name yet, so's you can notice, but they's still hope. Jes' now, the fellers that takes the long, lingerin', lang'rous peek through the toob heats their brandin' irons an' after they's hog tied the comit they stamps him like this. "Comet A-1910," meanin' that be's the first maverick comit that they meets up this year.

The comit, says Dr. Pack, may be seen every night for a week, leastwise that's the time he calculates the comit will stick around. In two or three all depends on conditions that's too painful to relate. It depends, too, on how many artificial horizons has been established by the use of glasses by the feller that sees—but Dr. Pack don't say this. It seems like this here comit, like

mos' comits, has got a bad case of elipse. It ain't never done got oper-ated on for that there ailment, an' nobody knows how serious it is. The orbit of a comit, I'm constrained to note, ain't like the orbit of a planet-leastwise, not altogether like it. Yo and is more or less oblong, without many knots in it, but the orbit of : comit is like the navigation of a feller see, the orbit of a planet is regular, what's done busted a New Year's reso-

done been auspicated. Some says its's made out of molasses and some says it's made out of cheese that growed apace with age. Mos' of the people that takes a comit serious that way say it's a meteorite or a full grown meteor, an' that the light that chases up behind it, don't belong to the comit none, but is light that's reflected from other gobs of stuff that's rushin aroun' promiscuous through the uni verse, mos' of it comin' from the sun, says they, when the comit's any wise near the earth. It seems like the A-1910 comit isn't

so very far away from us, bein' only a few million miles. It's too far away, though, to get to by a Warm Springs

Some feller tells me las' night that this here comit will be 'way up high in the heavens pretty quick now, but that ain't so, says some other fellers.
These last fellers says the comit's goin' down, like the late lamented Mr. McGinty an' the elevator boy, instead of goin' up, like a balloon. Consequent on this, it's a cinch that the quent on this, it's a cinch that the commit'll hit the horizon in about a week at the rate it's goin', which is about as fas' as a San Francisco fight o promoter can lie. So, el you want to see exhibit A, you'll have to keep so-ber nex' few days.

ROBT. BURNS AND THE LOCAL SCOTS

Scottish Cronies, Caledonian Society and Invited Guests Honor Beloved Poet-Scottish Songs and the Bagpipes a Feature-Dr. A. S. Condon Reviews the Life of Bobby Burns, Quoting Famous Lines.

The Caledonian society, with the honor to the memory of their beloved Bobbie Burns, whose poetry has been read and admired by all the world. For the occasion Congress Dancing Academy was ablaze with brilliant which plerced the heavy festooning of smilax and pink rose buds. The music on bagpipes by John Mc-Kay brought back memories dear to the heart of every Scot, and the hearty Scotch applause was enjoyed, even by every visitor. That sweet old song. "There Was a Lad," was given by the Caledonian quartette, after which Chief W. N. Purdie gave a short address, in which, even to a stranger, the place of his birth would have been disclosed by his quiet humor and natural love of country. His tribute to the memory of Bobble Burns was most affectionate, and he was proud to say that the Scotch poet was considered as great in all other countries as in his own. Mr. Purdle said the Caledonian society was organized for the purpose of keeping forever fresh the memories of the famous men of "Bonnie Scotland," included among whom were Robert Burns, William Wallace, Sir Walter Scott, Ian Mac Laren and Robert Burns, "not forgetting James McBeth, Matt Galt and myself."

Miss Artie Simpson, in sweetest voice, gave "The Maid o' Dundee" and responded to a hearty encore with "Bonnie Sweet Bessie." Dr. A. S. Condon, the speaker of the evening delivered a most inter-

esting address, in the midst of which he was frequently applauded. He

Dr. Condon Speaks "Born in an atmosphere of poverty and want, haunted by the wolf of temptation and adversity through early manhood, treading the wine press of sorrow and repentance to the grave, and always and ever shadowed by the phantom of privation and neglect, this bard of Scotland whose birth we commemorate tonight, when the Angel of Death had kissed his weary evelids down, had written his name on the scroll of immortality among the few who were not born to die stranger transmutation of a life was ever known.

Fame is a fickle goddess! She pas ses by the gorgeous palace, blind to the beckoning hand of wealth and beauty, and enters the cotter's door to imprint the kiss of genius on the brow of the frail tenant of the cradle. Countless millions in like environ-ment have been born, and like him have died; but they have found sepulcher under the still waves of oblivion, there to sleep forever "unknelled, un-coffined, and unknown." Of that un-numbered host Robert Burns survives like a lone star shining through the void drapery of the night.

And his name will live! His star will shine with undiminished radiance while the ages roll! His name will live in his boundless pity for the helpless and oppressed; in his abiding hope for the despairing who have tasted the bitterness of life; in his inspiring admonitions to the lovers of their country; in his withering ridicule of the canting hypocrite; for these, and more, he will be remembered when his faults and puny detractors are forgotten.

tenderly spoken, aye, so long as the human heart shall beat responsive to things of a higher and better purpose.

The secret of his fame and influence, a full century after he has quit-ted the scenes that he so well adorned while living, is to be found in his intuitive knowledge of human nature, in his love for his fellow man, in his abounding patriotism, and in his tremendous power of verbal expression. He inherited nothing from his parents but their poverty and hard-head They belonged Scotch integrity. to the common type of people, but, as said before the Angel of Genius kissed his baby brow while he slept in his numble cradle, as two score years later the same prophetic angel left the arcades of Paradise to imprint the kiss of philantropic genius on the infantile brow of Abraham Lincoln as

he slept on his pillow of straw.

The one broke the shackles that bound man to the dead carcass of intolerance and superstition, the other crushed the fetters that tied the man to a master.

Robert Burns was at one of the highest and the lowest, with the tinseled king that sat on a throne and the pauper that begged at his door, they all looked alike to him through the leveling spectrum of his honest mind. Behold his lofty scorn in comparing

What the on hamely fare we dine. Wear hodden gray, and a' that; Gle fools their silks, and knaves their

A man's a man for a' that; For a' that, and a' that, Their glittering show, and a' that;

he honest man though e'r sae poor, Is king o' men, for a' that."

al analysis, levels all distinctions, paralyses the arm of power, and dis-solves the bonds of cult, and caste, and hate. He knew that the grave where Prince and pauper will ride side by side to their last home,"

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MALTED WILK The Food Brink for All Ages. For Infants, Invalids, and Growing children.

Pure Nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates the nursing mother and the aged. Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. A quick lunch prepared in a minute. Take no substitute. Ask for HORLICK'S. Others are imitations.

a windowless palace of peace." He Ancient Order of Scottish Cronies, knew that the worm will one day take were united last evening in doing as much liberty with the rich Croesus as with the wretched Lazarus And so the great poet walked the stage of activity, and, remembering this in all its tremendous force, he wonders why the man higher up is entitled to pull faces at the man lower

down, since both are seeking a com mon level in the grave. Everything capable of feeling pain mental or physical, appealed always to the tender conscience of Robert Burns, whether man or brute. His soul was in sympathy with all God's creatures of field or air, and his com-passion was kindled for them in any helpless extremity, and his resent-ment was aroused against those who wantonly inflicted pain. Hear him in his expressions of regret when quite by accident he turned a mousup in her nest while plowing in No-"Wee, sleekit, cow'ring, tim'rous beas-

O, what a panic's in thy breastle; Thou need nae start away sae hastle, Wi, bickering brattle!

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,

Wi' murdering pattle." His finely wrought temperament was in harmony with all the beautiful and grand manifestations of the uni-verse, and was exalted by their companionship. His heart swelled with emotion as he looked on the majestic mountains of his native Scotland that he glorified in all he wrote, and whose presence he felt and loved, even as a loves a laughing girl. the flowers that mottled the fields and spangled the valleys and the hills— the flowers, God's little children of the springtime. Listen to his pathetic sorrow for the torn daisy cut by the coulter of his plow:

"Wee, modest, crimson-topped flow'r, Thou'st met me in an evil hour; For I maun crush amang the stour Thy slender stem; To spare thee now is past my power, Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! It's no thy neebor sweet, The bonnie Lark, companion meet! Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet; Wi' spreckled breast When upward springing, blythe to

The purpling east Cauld blew the bitter-biting north Upon thy early, humble birth: Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth Amid the storm,

Scarce reared above the parent earth Thy tender form.' But, though this is an enchanted

field through which you and I are rov-ing tonight, time will not permit is to stop and gather every beautiful flower that grows in the way His hatred for wanton and uselessly inflicted pain was intense, and he so

impressed the world with its wrong-fulness that more than a century af-ter his death the seed he sowed is year after year yielding an ever increasing harvest. With all the flery zeal of his impassioned soul he hated the author of capricious and needless cruelty, and he had the courage to say so. Hear his seething invective "On So long as language shall express thought his name will be lovingly and Which a Fellow Had Just Shot at: Wounded Hare Limp by

"Inhuman man! Curse on thy barb" And blasted by thy murder-aiming

May never pity soothe thee with a pleasure glad thy cruel

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field, The bitter little that of life remains: more the thickening brakes and

verdant plains, To thee shall home, or food, or pas-time yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of No more of rest, but now thy dying The sheltering rushes whistling o'er

thy head The cold earth with thy bloody bosom

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, The sober eve, or hail the cheerful I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy

lawn, And curse the ruffian's, and mourn thy hapless fate.

But let us leave this somber scene

of painful prospect and hasten to the heathery hills where the sun is shining. Here we first encounter "Our Sweet Highland Mary," exhaling the breath of the dewy morning and eyes beaming with the light of the stars. We love her because Burns loved her and all the world loves a lover. Another rare and beautiful flower we He knew that the grave, in the fin-l analysis, levels all distinctions, wight "and who can read it without tralyses the arm of power and distion of such a home. Masterful are the children that spring from such en vironment; indeed, such living pic

tures are the enduring pride, and maj esty, and glory of any country, and on such a substantial substruc ture can any nation long endure. 'From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her loved at home revered abroad;

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings. 'An honest man's the noblest work of God;'

And certain, in fair virtue's heavenly The cottage leaves the palace far behind; What is a lordling's pomp? a cum-

brous load. Disguising oft the wretch of human kind. Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness

refin'd. The gentus of Burns was many sided. He had a most exquisite sense of humor, polished by a style that was all his own, fascinating with wit, keen and sensitive at times, but biting with irony on occasion; sometimes so stinging and intense that the object at which it was hurled felt as if he had hold of a live wire. But there is always a sweet and gentle lesson runing through all he said or wrote that is interesting and valuable. A splendid example of gentle humor, bubbling from a kind and humane heart that breathes through it all a beautiful ser-mon on snobbery, is to be found in "The Twa Dogs," a homily that most ting heart: everybody is familiar with. I have read it may times and always with tears of laughter, for I see the picture strikingly produced in my own dogs

and in the people I meet every day.
But if one wishes to see the hypo crite transfixed by a poniard he should read "Holy Willie's Prayer." Holy Willie was a living personality in the time of Robert Burns, and that personality did not die when Holy Willie and the great poet passed away, for we meet him everywhere; in fact, I don't suppose he will ever die.

Notwithstanding the power and no-bility that we may ascribe to his exquisitely molded mind, yet in some respects Robert Burns was frail and earthy, and we would tonight make him more than a man if we did not admit it. We would not drag the skele-ton of his delinquencies from the grave and wantonly expose them, but rather, we would point to his centuryold tomb, and say: "There is a man who, with all his weaknesses, loved his fellows, and has hung the hard path of the world with garlands of beauty, and who, without his frailties. would be little less than a god, and we forgive him for the good the did, even as we would be forgiven with much less to our credit."

Though mentally keen and strong of fiber, yet the very graces and beauty of the delicate structure made him almost morbidly sensitive to either praise or blame, and so was an easy prey for the designing, and censure whether deserved or not, cut him to he quick. But the old Adam in human nature is the distinguishing char acteristic between men and angels, and the great heart of the world has not forgotten, and will never forget, how in the presence of her accusers the gentle Christ stooped down and wrote in the dust, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." Some one sent the poet Whittier a sprig of heather from the home of Scotland's poet and Whittler, in referring to the weaknesses of Burns, let this gush from his good and generous heart. Let those who never erred forget

His worth, in vain bewallings; Sweet soul of song! I own my debt Uncancelled by his failings."

There must have been something of the superhuman in the builders of Scotland, for there is no name among all the nations of the earth that so thrills and stirs the human heart as the name of Scotland. There is magic in the sound! The valleys and the Highlands of Scotland breathe an aroma whose distilled fragrance per-meates the civilized world. The pa-triotic ardor of her people has been the theme of the orator and the poet, and the painter and the sculptor, for centuries, and their devotion to lib-erty, and their love of country has lrenched the hills and the valleys of Scotland with blood and honeycombed hem with graves. It has found impassioned expression from the lips of her greatest orators and the pens of her inspired poets. Who that can contemplate the address of Robert Bruce to his army before the battle of Bannockburn, as suggested by Burns, without feelings of kindled patriotism is a slave, no matter in what country he may happen to have been born! Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled

Scots, wham Bruce has aften led, Welcome to your gory bed, Or to glorious victory

Now's the day, and now's the hour,

See the front o' battle lower; See approach proud Edward's power, Edward! Chains and slavery! Wha will be a traitor knave? Wha can fill a traitor's grave? Wha sae base as be a slave? Traitor! Coward! turn and flee

Wha for Scotland's king and law, Freedom's sword will strongly draw Freeman stand, or freeman fa',

Caledonian! On wi' me! By oppression's woes and pains; By your sons in servile chains; We will drain our dearest veins

But they shall be-shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low! Tyrants fall in every foe!

Liberty's in every blow!

Forward! Let us do or die!" But let us quit the scenes of carnage

and the warrior's shouts of defiance and listen to the accents of the lover as he mingles his voice with the low murmuring voice of the brook. It is a recognized human principle that the ravest are the tenderest, and so the er trampled valleys, have blossomed beautiful flowers of romance, and the rdent wooings of the lover have conquered many a castellated heart, though gentle and timid, and Cupid's dart has beaten down battlements that had stood impregnable against the battle-axes and pikes of previous invaders. The lover's garlands wreathe the Caledonian blade. And the poet's heart in Robert Burns, yielding to the occasion, murmurs in cadences soft as the sighs of Oeolus:

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy gently, I'll sing thee a song ia thy praise

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not low pleasant thy banks and green

valleys below. Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow There, oft, as mild evening weeps over

The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me. Thy crystal stream, Afton, how softly

it glides. And winds by my cot where my Mary resides; How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, As gathering sweet flow-rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes. Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring

Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not

among the braes and along the flowerfringed banks o' Bonny Doon, and all
the glorious brooks and rivers of his
glorious Scotland whose beauty and
fascination he never ceased to sing.
But he saw constantly around him so
much of sorrow and oppression that
his heart was often heavy with regret
that he had no power of his own to
alleviate them, and as he thought of
the unjust disparity in the conditions
of men everywhere around him, it is
no wonder that the bitter cry of protest should burst from his expostulatest should burst from his expostula-

'If I'm designed you lordling's slave,by nature's law designed. Why was an independent wish E'er planted in my mind? If not, why am I subject to His cruelty or scorn? Or why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this, too much, my son, Disturb thy youthful breast; This partial view of human-kind Is surely not the best!

The poor, oppressed, honest man, Had never, sure, been born Had there not been some recompen To comfort those that mourn!"

With such an advocate for the rights of man it is little wonder that all over the world, where even a few Scotchmen are gathered together, the name of Robert Burns is spoken with bowed and uncovered heads, and that more than a century after his death, after all that is tangible and mortal of the men has long mingled with other dust, that they should assemble on the anniversary of his birth and feel that Robert Burns is still a visible being among them. And so I come tonight to lay a humble wreath on Time's silent threshold, that he will pass no more as a tribute to his worth, feeling that haply his disembodied spirit is here with us this evening, participating in these exercises and witness

ing the honors we pay to his memory. Silently and sweetly his influence for man's uplifting has wafted through the intervening years since his death even as the light of the stars steal through the night lighting the dark ness with a glory that the day knows not. His heart responded with quick sympathy to the pulsing heart of na-ture, and of all her lights and shad-ows, her many forms and moods, he was a lover, from the little life that struggles to escape the impending foot to the mountains eternal as God, and who lay their hoary faces against the

"Fame blows his silver trumpet o'er thy sleep,
And love stands silent by thy lonely

So pure the fire God gave this clay The clay must still seem holy from the fire."

After the address of Dr. Condon eorge Bain delighted the house with that dear old song, "Scots Wha Hae," and responded to an encore with "Bonnie Mary of Argyle." William Kinley gave a charming

violin number, imitating most skilfully the Scotch bagpipe. He responded to an encore. Miss Jeanie Benzie, with her charming Scotch accent, gave several voice

selections, being followed by the quar-tette with "Annie Laurie." Mrs. Agnes Warner, who possesse remarkably sweet voice, sang "High-

land Mary" and responded to an en-Matt Galt had his hearers charmed with that most humorous selection, "Camelha," being followed by the

quartette with "Auld Lang Syne." After the concert the evening was pent in dancing, a number of Scotch dances being given by Dr. "Jimmie" Coutts and William Griebe of Plain City. Later little Misses Florence Browning and Nirean Collins, in sailors' uniform, danced the sailor's horn-Master Milligan in kilts, the mascot of the evening, attracted much

(By Eddle Smith.) Oakland, Jan. 26 .- Robert has jumped his job with the black champion— yes, sfree, Bob has "flewed the coop" and has gone to the camp of the white champion and will be on the firing line every day that Jeffries is at his regular training for the big scrap with Jack Johnson. To the ordinary far this does not mean much, but to the fellow who has watched the things are shaping for the big figh it certainly does mean much. Bo Armstrong, heavyweight, color blac as the ace of spades, disposition good, humorous to a marked degree, boxing ability well known, rated as one o the best sparring partners Jim Jeffrles

game today, has gone to the camp of Armstrong was with Johnson in his training for the Kaufman and Ketch-el fights and left here with the black champion to act as sparring partner It was generally understood that Arm strong would be with Johnson in th preparations for the big flight and that he would be his chief trainer. The reason for all this is the fact that Armstrong and Johnson had bee pals for years, during which each helped the other financially and the social relations had always been the

Armstrong says that Johnson has changed considerably, however, since acquiring the title of champion and that he found it impossible to get on with the one-time friend and now champion of the world. Bob has therefore, looked for a new berth fo the big fight, and according to the report he did not have to look very long, for Jeffries no sooner learner of the falling out of Armstrong and Johnson than he was on the job try-ing to get the big fellow to tie up to

Armstrong and Jeffries had little trouble in coming to an agreement, for they had worked together many times before. Bob was with Jeffries for three of his New York fights and knows the big fellow like a book. Armstrong is sincerely enthused over the condition of Jeffries and last night, while talking with the writer, he said "Yes, I am with the big fellow. Jack got the wrong idea of handling who work for him and I had to quit

"Jeffries and myself have always been good friends and to tell the truth, I am really glad to be with Jeffries, for I think he will be the winner. Many people will thing it funny that I am not with Johnson, because he is a more of my color, but I am her dream.

The soul of Robert Burns reveled he is a man of my color, but I am with Jeffries because I like him best and because I think be will win.

Jeff "the winner."

### SPECIAL

#### Annual Shirt Sale

300 Snappy, Stylish Shirts, Regular Sizes. Former prices \$1.75, \$1.50, \$1.25 and \$1.00, now

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WHILE THEY LAST

**HUHN'S** Modern Clothes TELL SHOP WASH. AVE. EVERYBODY

never saw the big fellow so interested in a man before as Jeffries is in Richmond, Warren C.; Rund, Bert Johnson and the fact that he is in such good condition and studying the style of the black man so well, makes ne believe he will romp home an easy

Bob is certainly confident Jeffries will win, but at the same time it is easy to see, when talking with him, that he has a deal of respect for the Johnson man's prowess as a fighter. Armstrong may be kept busy up to the time of his going with Jeffries by teaching Jack Burns, the Salinas heavyweight. Burns wants some instruction in the finer points of the game and surely he could get no one better fitted for the job than Arm-strong. It was first thought that Denver Ed Martin would be the instruc or for Burns, but it has now devel-

that reason he will not act as his in-LETTER LIST.

oped that the black boy wants to meet

List of letters remaining in the Postoffice at Ogden, Utah, Jan. 25, which, if not called for in two weeks, will be sent to the dead letter office. Gentlemen's List.

Allavie, J. A.; Acheson, Arthur L. Austin, Arthur M. Bach, Leo, W.; Brown, Jimmy; Brown, Charles B.; Brewster, B.; Critchlow, W. C.; Conrruhburn,

Doyle, Thos. Frey, Fred; Freiman, Fred; Festin, Dan; Ficher. Greno, Jacques; Gazzani, J. P. Gates, G. W.; Gregson, Alex.

Hoggan, James; Hodson, E. R. Jones, E. M.; Jensen, Geo.; John-Kimble, Chas.; Kelsey, S. C. Lepaye, John, Lewis, J. S.; Lan-lrum, J. P.; Lynch, Charlie; Lane,

queeney, W. C.; Morris, Eddie; Meighan, Albert; McMahn, C. J.

National Tea Importing Co. Patterson, C. E.; Paterson, Gilbert;

Richardson, W. A.; Reese, Clarke; Shaughnessy, John: Scott, William; Salisbury, W. J.; Starkenburg, L. Sase, F.; Shurtliff, Edmund; Sno-

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